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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

GIRLS ANALYTICALLY CONSIDERED.—Girls are of two days and full of mischief, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

When the fair young girl stoweth her gum with greater haste and stoweth her pretty foot, do thou look out.

She cometh forth in the evening in low neck and short sleeves; but a morning she lieth in bed while her mother bustleth.

When the sleigh bell tinkles she standeth at the window and yearneth for a beau, and when he cometh she doth up his purse. He wrappeth the buffalo robe about her and huggeth her much and stayeth out beyond his time, and the lively man addeth four good dollars to his bill.

In the evening he hieeth himself away to her father's mansion. He goeth in and sitteth by the fire, and ere he leaveth he poppeth the question and she jumpeth at the chance.

When the cock croweth he taketh his departure, and when he remembereth the smallness of his salary, he kicketh himself and compareth himself to an ass; yes, verily.—[Bloomington Through Mail.]

MISNAMED ARTICLES.—Catgut is derived from sheep.

The strawberry is not a berry.

The tuberose is not a rose, but a polyanth.

Scaling-wax does not contain a particle of wax.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by her nor in her honor.

Walabose is not bone and contains not any of its properties.

Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with that personage.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey and are not baths at all.

German silver was not invented in Germany and contains no silver.—[Science.]

A fashionable youth of Hartwell, Ga., who is of a very economical turn, says a local paper, has the habit, when he sends a note to his girl of adding this postscript: "Give negro boy a biscuit for carrying this note." Recently the young lady promptly sent the young man quite a number of biscuits, informing him that he could henceforth prepay postage, and when the railroads were exhausted to draw on her for more. A cold wave now blows between the young lady and her C. O. D. young man.

A farmer in Virginia, who has been missing his chickens, put a dynamite cartridge in his hen house door to remain over night. About 2 o'clock he heard a noise like the whole earth had blown up. Next morning when he went out, his hen house was smashed into fine kindling wood and four baskets of nigger and feathers were strewn around. We understand that many Bourbon farmers are now putting out dynamite cartridges every night and gathering them in every morning.—[Bourbon News.]

The grandson of an ex-Governor of Kentucky has just been placed in the penitentiary, the grandson of another ex-Governor is in jail awaiting the penitentiary, and the grandson of one greater than any of our Governors was recently killed in a bar-room brawl. Great qualities appear to wear out before they reach the third generation.—[Louisville Times.]

"You have to work pretty hard, don't you?" said a good natured old gentleman to a car-driver. "Well, I should smile; but I have no cause to complain." "Why not?" "Because my boss is so liberal that he gives me nearly eighteen hours to do my day's work in while you poor bankers have to crowd your work into about four hours."—[New York Journal.]

An Indianapolis lawyer, distrustful of his own literary powers, borrowed a formula for a proposal of marriage from a "Ready Letter Writer." The young lady in the case, learning the source of his inspiration, sent in reply the formula set down in the same book for a declination.

J. J. Stanow, the Boston patent lawyer engaged by the Bell party in the late telephone litigation, gets \$50,000 as his fee. Half of it was contingent on his winning the suit.—[Boston Herald.]

"Ireneus," of the New York Observer, says in a recent postscript to one of his letters to that paper: "The grandchildren of those who read the first of these letters are now reading the last of them."

When you read the reflective legend in the tobacco-nut window, "Our two penny cigars can't be beat," remember that if they can't be beat, they may be cabage.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG,

the Druggists, who are always looking after the interest of their customers, have now secured the sale of Dr. Ross's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Affections. For proof, consult a list of all Lung Affections. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

DARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Mrs. B. M. Burdett was called to

Germantown Wednesday by the illness of

her mother, Mrs. J. H. Walton.

—T. G. Stevens has removed his confectionery to the new store-room recently

purchased by him near the court house.

—The old Masonic Hall lately bought

by Mr. Jno. Woodcock will be used as a

millinery store by Misses Logan & Ed-

miston.

—Mr. W. O. Rigney is an applicant for

the Adams Express Company agency. He

will likely get it as the people prefer having

the office in town.

—Business has been brisk in the Police

Court this week. Several cases of little

importance were disposed of by the Judge,

Capt. Isaac Singleton.

—The fascinating game of euchre is be-

coming quite fashionable here and we ex-

pect soon to hear of some young lady

proposing a progressive euchre party.

—The beautiful frosted windows of our

business houses excite much admiration.

They were not, however, painted by that

excellent house artist, James "Crow" Dil-

lon.

—A Swiss immigrant while in an intox-

icated condition Tuesday, fell, striking his

head on the curbing of the pavement,

causing a painful but not dangerous

wound.

—One of our fairest and sweetest young

ladies is going to leave us next week to

make her home in Louisville. A prominent

Louisville book-keeper will come to claim

the honor of accompanying her there.

—Mrs. John McElbert, of your city, is a

guest of her son, Mr. R. E. McRobert, this

week. Mr. W. S. Ferguson has re-

turned from Covington. Mr. Geo. W.

Bettis is able to be out again after an ill-

ness of several weeks.

—The cold wave that struck us Tuesday

was certainly very rough after the spring-

like weather we had been having. The

mercury stood four degrees below zero

Wednesday morning. Those of the "kids"

who happened to possess a pair of skates

and the coal dealers were the only ones

who relished the change.

—The mercury went down to 3° below

zero Tuesday night.

—There will be a Valentine party at the

Joplin House Saturday night, the 14th.

—Miss Georgia Brown is going to Bow-

ling Green to attend the Normal College at

that place.

—Messrs. Maret, Vowels & Co., are pre-

paring to stitch a saw to their steam mill

at this place, in connection with their chair

factory.

So exceedingly deollets are the dresses

of the ladies at the Washington receptions

this winter, that President Arthur shows

his embarrassment and discomfort. It is

a great relief for high minded and proper

men to slip away from these vulgar ex-

hibitions to the stern and rigid propriety

of an "Adamless Eden" entertainment. The

difference between the ultra-fashionable

woman and a female minstrel is that the

one begins to saw off at the neck, the other

at the feet.—[Kansas City Times.]

FAMILY COMPLICATIONS.—"How like

your little girl is to you, Mr. Brown?"

"How odd you that should think so. She's

my husband's child by his first wife."

"A—a— all events I don't think I'm

wrong in saying your little boy is the im-

age of Mr. Brown." "He's my son by my

first husband, Mr. Green."

Tom Elliott, a rich young farmer of Da-

kota, having announced that he would

never marry until wheat sold at \$1 per

bushel, a neighboring farmer, who has a

daughter willing to relieve Tom's loneli-

ness, has offered to take his entire crop at

\$1 a bushel and give him a check at the

wedding.

When on a visit to Orange, California,

ten years ago Calvin Fletcher stuck his

walking-stick into the ground. The cane

took root and is now a stately sycamore

tree 50 feet high, with wide spreading

branches and its base three feet and a half

in circumference.

A spring pret singe: "Will they miss

me, I wonder?" If they do, they ought

never to fire another gun.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises,

Scalds, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter,

Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin

Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay re-

quired. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-

tion or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale at T. & P. Penny.

An Editor's Tribute.

Theron P. Keator, editor of the Fort Wayne (In-

diana) Gazette, writes: "For the past five years

have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for

coughs of the most severe character, as well as for

those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a

prompt cure. My friends to whom I have recom-

mended it speak of it in the same high terms, hav-

ing been cured by it of every cough that I have

had for five years. I consider it the only reliable

and sure cure for Coughs, Croup, etc." Call at

Tate & Penny's Drug store and get a Free Trial

Bottle. Largest size 50 cents.

Very Remarkable Discovery.

Mrs. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, 25th

writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five

years, so helpless that she could not turn over in

bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitt-

ers and is now much improved. She is now able

to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all

that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimo-

niats attest their great curative powers. Only fifty

cents a bottle at Tate & Penny.

HER CHOICE.

[Written for the INTERIOR JOURNAL.]

Sundown in the country; the west aglow;

the soft October wind robbing the maples

of their gaudy leaves and lifting the brown

curls from the brow of a girl who had

climbed on the farmyard gate and was look-

ing towards the setting sun, with her lovely

face full of discontent. Large brown eyes

shaded by the longest lashes, a head cov-

ered with brown curls, a complexion all

lilies and roses in spite of sun and wind—

a girl not yet turned her seventeenth year,

supple and graceful as a young antelope.

In the kitchen good old Mrs. Dean's fried

doughnuts and sliced snowy lightbread for

supper. Down the lane the farmer and his

son came home in the wagon piled high

with corn. The beautiful landscape, the

hum of industry and sweet content, all fail-

ed to cheer the fretting girl. Even the

farmer's bluff, good natured greeting, as

the wagon rolled through the gate she had

slipped down and opened for him, brought

no response, and when Hal, jumping off the

back of the wagon closed the gate and

taking her chin in his hand, asked what

was the matter, the big tears actually rolled

down her cheeks and the lumps in her

throat nearly choked her:

"What is it, Maggie?" wiping the tears

from her face, "what hurts you or who has

hurt you?" asked Hal, growing instantly

severe. Hal was a big, broad shouldered

fellow, with a frank, handsome face, to look

at which at times was to respect and like

him. Maggie was a little ashamed now

and told with drooping eyes of her discon-

tent.

"The world is so large and bright and

happy, am I to be shut from it always, just

buried here?"

"There are worst places than the farm,

Maggie, and I want you to love it, my pet,

and stay on it always with me."

His face glowed with honest fervor, and

she could not misunderstand his meaning,

although he had never spoken thus before,

but she turned off without answering, and

they walked in silence to the house.

The table was laid with snowy cloth, the

sliced bread, doughnuts, strawberry jam

and tea, with Mrs. Dean behind the urn.

"Here's a letter for you, Maggie," said

the farmer; "Maggie was very quiet now;

"and it bears the city postmark. I wonder

if your rich kinsfolk can be a writing to

you?"

It was from Maggie's aunt, writing her

to visit her in the city. Ten years before

when Dr. Alton died leaving Maggie with-

out home or friends, her relatives had made

no sign; none invited her to their homes or

helped her in any way. But good old farmer

Dean took her on the pony behind him and

gave her into the hands of his wife as a sac-

red charge and they had spoiled and pet-

ted her ever since, for which Maggie truly

loved them, but she was young and beau-

tiful and the farm was very lonely, and of

late life had grown hateful to her. Here

was the escape. Should she go and leave

the old people and Hal and the dear old

farm where she had spent so much of her

life? She looked from one to the other.

"Well," said the farmer, handing back

his empty tea cup, "you had better go,

Maggie."

"Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean in sur-

prise.

"She knows she's as welcome as flowers

in Spring or Fall either," he said earnestly,

"but it's a poor chance to marry Maggie

will have here. I wouldn't have her take

a cold hopper like Deacon Smith's lad.

Now she can try it a little bit; it won't

hurt. She knows where to come if she

don't like it, hey, Maggie?"

Maggie did not answer. The old place

was becoming very dear at the thought of

giving it up.

"We won't decide now," said Mr. Dean;

"plenty of time; we'll sleep on it."

"Maggie," said Hal when the two had

gone out on the porch together, "is it yes

or no? Will you stay and be my wife or

go away and forget us?"

"I'll go and stay awhile and if I don't

like it I can come back you see; and I'll

not forget you, Hal!—indeed I'll not," she

said as she saw a look of doubt.

"And be true to me?" he begged.

"Yes, always."

"Then I'll wait. May God bless you,

Maggie."

So Maggie went to the city and saw not

only the wonders and glories, but those of

the half of Europe. Mrs. Hart was in deli-

—Thirteen lives were lost in a colliery disaster near New Glasgow, N. S., yesterday.

ny. The attendants were Mr. Leslie
Cox and Miss Pet Bright. Mr. and
Mrs. Mills left on the 12:40 train for their

Montgomery, Woodson, 25 acres on McKl-		
ney Branch, '83 and '81.....	1 60	M
Orsney, James, 53 acres on Green River.....	1 00	M
Matthews, Martha, 36 acres nr. Mason's Gap.....	2 25	M

Mollen, Logan, 2 acres.....	1	1
Schell, Thomas, 16 acres, '83 and '84.....	1	1
Weller, George, 5 acres, '83 and '84.....	6	8

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and goods guaranteed. **BRIGHT & GURBAN**

